

THE BARDSTOWN HERALD.

JAMES D. NOURSE, Editor.

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Science, Commerce and News.

ELLIS & NOURSE, PROPRIETORS.

VOL. 2.

BARDSTOWN, NELSON COUNTY, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, MARCH, 10, 1852.

NO. 9.

The Bardstown Herald

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY

BY

ELLIS & NOURSE.

For the Bardstown Herald.

The Faded Rose.

A beautiful, beautiful flower sweet,

Open in the desert air;

But too lovely far for the arid heat,

Faded and withered there.

Free! fled to the regions of purest bliss,

Wafted by angels high,

In a spirit too pure for a world like this,

Too soft to bloom and die.

Her life was short, for the rising sun

Lit the morn of her little day;

The shades of the evening had scarce begun,

When her spirit fled away.

Her grave is far from her native land—

The soil is her only tomb.

She slumbers alone on a foreign strand,

'Mid the mountain forest's gloom.

Thus the days of love are the quickest fleet,

And their charms the quickest flown,

And the dearest friends are the soonest dead,

And we mourn them all alone.

'Tis soothing to think while we struggle here,

And sigh for the happy shore,

That the friends whom we loved when on earth

Are not lost, only gone before.

BARDSTOWN, KY.

[From Dickens's Household Words]

Familiar Things.

There is a truth that travel brings,

A truth of homely birth:

We dwell among familiar things,

And little know their worth.

The emigrant in distant lands,

The sailor on the sea,

For all that round us silent stands,

Have deeper hearts than we.

We dwell among familiar things;

And daily with dull sight,

We touch a thousand secret springs

Of sorrow and delight:

Delight and reverential bliss

To those who, exiled far,

Stretch dreaming arms to clasp and kiss

Each little household stir.

We dwell among familiar things;

We know them by their use;

And, by their many ministrings,

Their value we deduce.

Forgetful each has led an eve,

And each can speak, though dumb;

And, of the ghostly days gone by,

Strange witness might become.

We dwell among familiar things;

But should it be our lot

To sever all the binding strings

That form the household knot;

To wander upon alien mould,

And cross the restless foam;

How clearly should we then behold

The Deities of Home!

A YOUNG KENTUCKY ASTRONOMER.

The editor of the Baltimore American

says that he gathers from a

Western Correspondent the following

interesting facts connected with the

life of a young Kentuckian who has lately

become attached to the U. S. Patent

Office at Washington

Wm. Chaney Langdon, although occupying

the post of a scientific officer

under the government, is now barely

twenty years of age. He first became

interested in the science of Astronomy

at the age of twelve years, while at New

Orleans, by the comet of 1843 and the

lecture of the celebrated Dr. Lardner,

which made their appearance there simultaneously.

Since then, though suffering

stranger vicissitudes of fortune

than fall to the lot of many at so tender

an age, he has always been to his study.

In Autumn 1850, he graduated at the

Poetry.

For the Bardstown Herald.

The Faded Rose.

A beautiful, beautiful flower sweet,

Open in the desert air;

But too lovely far for the arid heat,

Faded and withered there.

Free! fled to the regions of purest bliss,

Wafted by angels high,

In a spirit too pure for a world like this,

Too soft to bloom and die.

Her life was short, for the rising sun

Lit the morn of her little day;

The shades of the evening had scarce begun,

When her spirit fled away.

Her grave is far from her native land—

The soil is her only tomb.

She slumbers alone on a foreign strand,

'Mid the mountain forest's gloom.

Thus the days of love are the quickest fleet,

And their charms the quickest flown,

And the dearest friends are the soonest dead,

And we mourn them all alone.

'Tis soothing to think while we struggle here,

And sigh for the happy shore,

That the friends whom we loved when on earth

Are not lost, only gone before.

BARDSTOWN, KY.

[From Dickens's Household Words]

Familiar Things.

There is a truth that travel brings,

A truth of homely birth:

We dwell among familiar things,

And little know their worth.

The emigrant in distant lands,

The sailor on the sea,

For all that round us silent stands,

Have deeper hearts than we.

We dwell among familiar things;

And daily with dull sight,

We touch a thousand secret springs

Of sorrow and delight:

Delight and reverential bliss

To those who, exiled far,

Stretch dreaming arms to clasp and kiss

Each little household stir.

We dwell among familiar things;

We know them by their use;

And, by their many ministrings,

Their value we deduce.

Forgetful each has led an eve,

And each can speak, though dumb;

And, of the ghostly days gone by,

Strange witness might become.

We dwell among familiar things;

But should it be our lot

To sever all the binding strings

That form the household knot;

To wander upon alien mould,

And cross the restless foam;

How clearly should we then behold

The Deities of Home!

THE PYRAMIDS—MEMPHIS.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

On the Nile, near Benisuef, Nov. 1851.

Day before yesterday was one of the

most memorable days of my life. I visited

the Pyramids and Memphis—not

the mounds of the supposed Memphis,

which the world believed lost forever,

but the real Memphis, with its streets,

palaces and temples, exhumed from the

devouring sands and fresh as when first

erected. This discovery—not even second

to that of Nineveh—will surprise

you, who have scarcely yet received

the first faint rumors of it. You may

then judge how it impressed me, who,

two days ago, was no less ignorant.

But the experience of the entire day was

of so unusual a character that I must

give you its history in detail, and entreat

your patience with regard to Memphis

until I reach it in the regular

course of events.

On awaking before sunrise at Gizeh,

we found our donkeys in readiness, and

I bestrode the same faithful little gray

who had for three days carried me

through the bazaars of Cairo. We left

orders for the rais to go on with the

Cleopatra to Bedracheyn, a village near

the supposed site of Memphis, and taking

Achmet with us, rode off gayly

among the mud hovels and under the

date-trees of Gizeh, on our way to the

Pyramids. Near the extremity of the

village, we entered one of the large

chicken-hatching establishments for

which the place is famed, but found it

empty. We disturbed a numerous family

crouched together on the clay floor,

crept on our hands and knees through

two small holes and inspected sundry

ovens covered with a layer of chaff,

and redolent of a mild, moist heat and

a feathery smell. The owner informed

us that for the first four or five days the

eggs were exposed to smoke as well as

heat, and that when the birds began to

pick the shell, which generally took

place in fifteen days, they were placed

in another oven and carefully accouched.

The rising sun shone redly on the

Pyramids, as we rode out on the broad

barren land of the Nile. The black,

unctuous loam was still too moist from

the inundation to be plowed, except in

spots, here and there, but even where

the water had scarce evaporated, millions

of germs were pushing their slender

blades up to the sun-shine. In this

prolific soil, the growth of grain is visible

from day to day. The Fellahs were

at work on all sides, preparing for

plantings, and the ungainly buffaloes

drew their long plows slowly through

the soil. When freshly turned, the

earth has a rich, soft luster, like dark-

brown velvet, beside which, the fields

of young wheat, beans and lentils, glitter

with the most brilliant green. The

larks sang in the air and flocks of white

pigeons clustered like blossoms on the

tops of the sycamores. Here, in November,

it was the freshest and most animating

picture of spring. The direct road to the

Pyramids was impassable, on account

of the water, and we rode along the top

of a dyke, intersected by canals, to the

edge of the Libyan desert—a distance

of nearly ten miles. The ruptures in the

dyke obliged us occasionally to dismount,

and at the last canal, which cuts off the

advancing sands from the bounteous plain

on either side, our donkeys were made to

swim, while we were carried across on

the shoulders of two naked Arabs.

They had run out in advance to meet

The sun glared hot on the sand as we

toiled up the ascent to the base of

Cheops, whose sharp corners were now

broken into zigzags by the layers of

stone. As we dismounted in his shadow,

at the foot of the path which leads

up to the entrance, on the northern

side, a dozen Arabs beset us. They

belonged to the regular band who have

the Pyramids in charge, and are so renowned

for their impudence that it is customary

to employ the jannissary of some consulate

in Cairo, as a protection. Before leaving

Gizeh I gave Achmet my sabre, which I

thought would be sufficient show to secure

us from their importunities. However, when

we had mounted to the entrance and

were preparing to climb to the summit,

they demanded a dollar from each for

their company on the way. This was

just double the usual fee, and we flatly

refused the demand. My friend in the

meantime had become so giddy from the

few steps he had mounted that he decided

to return, and I ordered Achmet, who

knew the way, to go on with me, and

leave the Arabs to their howlings.

Their leader instantly sprang before

him and attempted to force him back.

This was too much for Achmet, who

thrust the man aside, whereupon he was

instantly beset by three or four and

received several hard blows. The struggle

took place just on the verge of the

stones, and he was prudent enough to

drag his assailants into the open space

before the entrance of the Pyramid.

My friend sprang toward the group

with his cane, and I called to the donkey

driver to bring up my sabre, but by this

time Achmet had released himself, with

the loss of his turban.

The Arabs, who had threatened to

treat us in the same manner, then reduced

their demand to the regular fee of five

piastres for each. I took three of them

and commenced the ascent, leaving

Achmet and my friend below. Two boys

followed us, with bottles of water.

At first, the way seemed hazardous, for

the stones were covered with sand and

fragments which had fallen from above,

but after we had mounted twenty courses,

the hard, smooth blocks of granite

formed broader and more secure steps

up from the rear. The assistance thus

rendered was not slight, for few of the

stones are less than four feet in height.

The water-bots scampered up beside

us with the agility of cats. We stopped

moment to take breath, at a sort of

resting place half-way up—an opening

in the pyramid communicating with the

uppermost of the interior chambers. I

had no sooner sat down, on the nearest

1
 2
 3
 4
 5
 6
 7
 8
 9
 10
 11
 12
 13
 14
 15
 16
 17
 18
 19
 20
 21
 22
 23
 24
 25
 26
 27
 28
 29
 30
 31
 32
 33
 34
 35
 36
 37
 38
 39
 40
 41
 42
 43
 44
 45
 46
 47
 48
 49
 50
 51
 52
 53
 54
 55
 56
 57
 58
 59
 60
 61
 62
 63
 64
 65
 66
 67
 68
 69
 70
 71
 72
 73
 74
 75
 76
 77
 78
 79
 80
 81
 82
 83
 84
 85
 86
 87
 88
 89
 90
 91
 92
 93
 94
 95
 96
 97
 98
 99
 100
 101
 102
 103
 104
 105
 106
 107
 108
 109
 110
 111
 112
 113
 114
 115
 116
 117
 118
 119
 120
 121
 122
 123
 124
 125
 126
 127
 128
 129
 130
 131
 132
 133
 134
 135
 136
 137
 138
 139
 140
 141
 142
 143
 144
 145
 146
 147
 148
 149
 150
 151
 152
 153
 154
 155
 156
 157
 158
 159
 160
 161
 162
 163
 164
 165
 166
 167
 168
 169
 170
 171
 172
 173
 174
 175
 176
 177
 178
 179
 180
 181
 182
 183
 184
 185
 186
 187
 188
 189
 190
 191
 192
 193
 194
 195
 196
 197
 198
 199
 200
 201
 202
 203
 204
 205
 206
 207
 208
 209
 210
 211
 212
 213
 214
 215
 216
 217
 218
 219
 220
 221
 222
 223
 224
 225
 226
 227
 228
 229
 230
 231
 232
 233
 234
 235
 236
 237
 238
 239
 240
 241
 242
 243
 244
 245
 246
 247
 248
 249
 250
 251
 252
 253
 254
 255
 256
 257
 258
 259
 260
 261
 262
 263
 264
 265
 266
 267
 268
 269
 270
 271
 272
 273
 274
 275
 276
 277
 278
 279
 280
 281
 282
 283
 284
 285
 286
 287
 288
 289
 290
 291
 292
 293
 294
 295
 296
 297
 298
 299
 300
 301
 302
 303
 304
 305
 306
 307
 308
 309
 310
 311
 312
 313
 314
 315
 316
 317
 318
 319
 320
 321
 322
 323
 324
 325
 326
 327
 328
 329
 330
 331
 332
 333
 334
 335
 336
 337
 338
 339
 340
 341
 342
 343
 344
 345
 346
 347
 348
 349
 350
 351
 352
 353
 354
 355
 356
 357
 358
 359
 360
 361
 362
 363
 364
 365
 366
 367
 368
 369
 370
 371
 372
 373
 374
 375
 376
 377
 378
 379
 380
 381
 382
 383
 384
 385
 386
 387
 388
 389
 390
 391
 392
 393
 394
 395
 396
 397
 398
 399
 400
 401
 402
 403
 404
 405
 406
 407
 408
 409
 410
 411
 412
 413
 414
 415
 416
 417
 418
 419
 420
 421
 422
 423
 424
 425
 426
 427
 428
 429
 430
 431
 432
 433
 434
 435
 436
 437
 438
 439
 440
 441
 442
 443
 444
 445
 446
 447
 448
 449
 450
 451
 452
 453
 454
 455
 456
 457
 458
 459
 460
 461
 462
 463
 464
 465
 466
 467
 468
 469
 470
 471
 472
 473
 474
 475
 476
 477
 478
 479
 480
 481
 482
 483
 484
 485
 486
 487
 488
 489
 490
 491
 492
 493
 494
 495
 496
 497
 498
 499
 500
 501
 502
 503
 504
 505
 506
 507
 508
 509
 510
 511
 512
 513
 514
 515
 516
 517
 518
 519
 520
 521
 522
 523
 524
 525

Machree, by Madame Ablamowicz:
Jan 14 N. M. BOOTH.